

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWS PAPER

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THE LATE ATTACK ON NEWBERNE.

Few attempts of the rebels have shown more boldness or been more nearly crowned with success than the recent attack on Newberne. A force of no less than 15,000 was selected for the expedition, and barges were brought on from Savannah, with picked crews, who were to capture the gunboat Underwriter and with her destroy the Navy Yard and command the town.

The land attack began on the afternoon of the 1st, at Bachelor's creek, eight miles west of Newberne, on the railroad, where two blockhouses and some slight defenses were held by the 132d N. Y. volunteers, Col.

Cleasen. The latter held the bridge on the creek stubbornly, but after four hours' fight were flanked and fell back, and being reinforced by the 17th Massachusetts, Lieut.-Col. Fellows, made another stand, but being outflanked, after a short fight retired to the fortifications near the city on the morning of the 2d. Adjutant H. C. Cheever was mortally wounded, Lieut.-Col. Fellows, several other officers and 50 men missing.

The gunboat Underwriter had passed up the Neuse, near Fort Stephenson, throwing out her anchors and placing all her guns on the port side. About one o'clock at night the rebels approached in their boats, and before the sentinel could alarm the crew boarded the vessel. A short contest ensued, but the crew were

only 40, the rebels 200. Fortunately for the nation, the Underwriter was aground, and while the rebels were endeavoring to get her off Fort Stephenson sent one shell through their boat, and another exploded on deck, setting their boat on fire. The attacking party, with their prisoners, poured into the small boats in such haste that 15 of the boat's crew, and some of the captors, got into our boat. This fact soon became known among them, and the boat landed near Fort Stephenson, making the captain a captive. Thus, under the shadow of the guns in the fort, and in sight of the guards in the breastworks, a gunboat is wrested from us and must be destroyed. Certainly a hard-earned thing for the rebels, but bad for

us. All the officers, except Engineer Allen, are missing. The captain is a prisoner. Besides those escaping in the boat are a few seamen. Engineer Allen was taken, but recaptured himself and took the rebel officer and his barge.

Notwithstanding this brilliant stroke, the enemy failed in their main object. Newberne was too well defended, and they finally grew off.

Our view of the capture of the Underwriter, will bring the matter vividly before our readers. During the excitement caused by the attack the citizens, white and black, were enrolled and marched to the front. After the enemy retired to Kinston the city was loud in its exultation, and one of the strange sights was the negro



THE WAR IN NORTH CAROLINA—NEGRO VOLUNTEERS PASSING THE BROAD STREET EPISCOPAL CHURCH, NEWBERNE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHILL.

Mr. J. N. Pattison gives his first grand concert at Irving Hall on the 27th inst. He will be assisted by some first-class artists. Our readers are so familiar with the high abilities of Mr. Pattison, and of his claims to the support of the musical public, that we have no need to advance anything in his favor; yet we will say, that never in our experience has a young pianist risen so steadily and so rapidly to the position in his profession, by the recommendation of the public, as in the case of Mr. Pattison. He has won his position by consistent study, and by

singing at the goal which his perseverance has gained.

Westland Marston's play "Pure Gold," the hero of which is a convict, the present pet weakness of society, has made a success at Wallack's. It is quite interesting, finely acted, and is put on the stage in the most perfect manner. It will be alternated with "Raffles" for some time to come.

Byron's bull-baiting on "Il Trovatore" was played at the Olympia, for one week, to overflowing houses; but for some reason or other it has been withdrawn to make way for "The Price of the Market," in which Mr. John Wood appears as Marlon, and Mr. Frank Drew as Isidoro.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" still continues to crowd West Garden night after night.

The Hibernian English Opera Company will appear at Fribble's Saloon on Wednesday and Thursday evenings. Mr. J. R. Thomas is engaged, and will add greatly to the strength of the company.

At Barnum's Museum the Giant and the Dwarf continue to attract crowds of curiosity-seekers in connection with the countless wonders of creation with which the rise abounds. The new drama, "Helvetia," or, the G-illy Slave of "Fouon," is the attraction of the Lecture Room, and is pronounced a great success. A visit to Barnum's is always worth double the money charged.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Trinity School, a well-known Protestant Episcopal Educational Institution in this city, has just come into the possession of property (real estate and funded) to the value of \$3,000,000, through the fortunate termination of a lawsuit. The litigation has been a bitterly contested and long one, extending through a period of over thirty years.

Some physicians have given it as their opinion that diphtheria is a new disease, caused by the prevalent use of kerosene oil.

A lady took her niece lately to a country photographer, to have her portrait taken. While the aunt was engaged with the operator, the niece swallowed some of the preparations and died in a few minutes from the effects of the poison.

Gen. Butler has expelled Mr. Shore, the Fort Monroe correspondent of the *World and News*, for what he terms disloyal articles. Mr. Shore denies the charge, and says that he was merely the agent for sending on the Richmond papers to New York when they arrived by a boat of force.

A teacher in a Catholic Sunday School in Boston has been arrested for striking one of the pupils so violently as to endanger her life.

There are 8,192 children in the public schools of Jersey City, and 2,103 in those of Hoboken.

A bill is to be introduced in the New Jersey Legislature, at the present session for the creation of a new county, to be composed of the city of Newark and a portion of Harrison township, the latter being in Hudson county.

A butcher in Grand street has hit upon a very ingenious way to attract customers. He arranges with his assistant to get up a hog on a row, the excuse being the wickedness of his man selling meat so cheap that he only realizes the prime cost. The consequence is that quite a crowd is attracted, and the butcher manages to sell half a dozen hogs by this ingenious dodge.

The British authorities at Halifax have decided upon returning the Chesapeake to her owners.

The price of gold has remained at the average of 153.

A meeting was held at the O'Fallons' Hall, Hoboken, on the 12th of February, in behalf of the South River Fair. It was very enthusiastic, although one speaker did his best to deliver the hall by a remarkably dull speech. Gen. Wright, however, came to the rescue, and wound up the meeting with great effect.

Southern.—It appears from the Richmond papers that two rebel cavaliers, named Davis and Reynolds, captured four negroes belonging to the Home Guard of Fairfax county, and took them toward the Dismal Swamp. The captives were on the way, and the prisoners, in order to avoid the fate that might befall them in Dixie, chose the skills of the rebels with some sharp instrument and made good their escape.

In Ware county, Ga., on the night of Jan. 23d a negro entered the house of a lady where there were no males and violated her person. He was recognized, and the next day pursued by dogs, caught, and condemned by a jury of citizens, and burned to death.

A gentleman occupying a high position, says that Jeff Davis's son, by his slave girl Catherine, was in the Federal service on board of one of our gunboats in the Mississippi for several months—a lively mulatto. Among the letters of Jeff Davis at his house by his Illinois troops, there was a bit of queer correspondence between Jeff and Mrs. Davis, touching this old flame Catherine.

The Montgomery *Mail*, Ala., says the idea is prevalent that the rebel Government is about to move to Columbia, S. C., to which place the arsenal was transferred over a month ago.

Gen. Magruder, the well-known Buchananian rebel, has arrived at Southampton, Eng., from Texas, in the English steamer *Alrato*, on his way to Richmond.

Military.—One of Gen. Grant's staff writes that such is the wonderful change in the sentiments of the people in Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi, that an officer of the Union army can travel in those States without being insulted, and can obtain refreshments in the farmhouses.

The work on the soldiers' cemetery at Chattanooga is going rapidly on; 24 bodies have already been interred.

We omitted to state in our notice of the Ladies' National Army Relief Association, that Mr. Bull, 177 Water street, New York, is the treasurer; and Mr. Blum, of 179 Water street, one of the directors. Those who wish to alleviate the sufferings of our wounded and sick soldiers are invited to send their contributions to these gentlemen. The distribution is made by experienced and competent persons.

Personal.—Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb gave birth to a son on the 12th inst. So the New York Sun says.

Brignoli has sued an *impresso* for salary not forthcoming. The "silver-voiced" tenor was to receive \$1,600 a month.

The Queen of Bohemia, Ada Clare, has left New York for California. She is one of the brightest quill-drivers that ever wore crinoline.

The late Mrs. Williams, who left \$40,000 sterling to Mr. Darrell, was a Jewess—Sarah, daughter and heiress of Nunes de Costa.

Berger, the great billiard-player, has now settled in Lyons, where he has become the proprietor of the Cafe du XIXe. Siecle, which he re-opened on Christmas Day.

An English writer describes the Duke of Augustenburg, about whose succession to the Government of Holstein Europe is threatened with war, as a tall man, six feet high, with hazel hair, blue eyes, light eyebrows good complexion, manner somewhat slow but stately, and speech a drawl, with a slight "peculiarity." He talked "affably," and seems altogether a well-intentioned but somewhat slow and heavy person, who will govern Holstein without many blunders, without being a very dangerous personage in Europe. The English writer is evidently a wag.

The St. Louis *Republican*, of the 9th inst., editorially refers to the connection of Gen. Grant's name with the Presidency, and with an air of authority says: "Gen. Grant is not going to trouble himself much concerning the movements of politicians. It is not his taste. His intention is to close the war as soon as possible, and he wants to be foot-loose, not

hampered by political entanglements. He seeks no other duty now. He is not, and will not be, a candidate for the Presidency at the forthcoming election, and politicians may trim their sails accordingly."

Rossini, the celebrated composer, will complete his 72d year on the 29th February. He consequently has a birthday which occurs only once in every four years. The 29th February is an excellent day to marry on, since a man is thus spared three-fourths the agony of being reminded of it.

Fernando Wood's ball, in Washington, was a grand success; the ladies of the diplomatic corps attended, wearing their court jewels. Whatan honor!

Obituary.—Com. Wm. J. McCluny, U. S. N., died at his residence, in Brooklyn, Feb. 11. At the time of his death he had been in the service 52 years. He entered the navy in 1812, and was an acting Lieutenant in the fight between the *Wasp* and *Frederick*. He was attached to the *Jean* and *Union* under Com. Perry. From 1855 to 1860 he commanded the home squadron. He had seen the sea in his service, and spent considerable of his time on shore and other duty. He was universally beloved and respected, and his loss will be severely felt among a large circle of friends.

William Behnes, the sculptor, died lately. A few years ago he was in good practice, especially as a modeller of busts, and he possessed natural talents sufficient to have raised him to one of the highest places of his noble calling. But he fell into troubles about money and other things, which preyed on his spirits. The best judges, however, thought very highly of his works. Of late he lived much alone. He died in the Middlesex Hospital, London.

The Duke of Cleveland died at Baby Castle, England, Jan. 18, between three and four P. M. His grace had been seriously ill for a few days.

Accidents and Offences.—At Eastport, Me., last week a ship entered the house of Rev. T. V. Adams, and \$2800 worth of goods were stolen. In four days afterwards, the thief appears to have been conscience-stricken, as all the money, except \$10, was placed in a package upon Mr. Adams's doorstep.

The mystery of the Milden Bank murder has been solved. The culprit turns out to be Mr. Greene, the Postmaster of the town, a man who till now had borne an irreproachable character. It appears that, seeing young Converse alone in the bank, the temptation was too much for him, so he drew his revolver, and taking him unaware, shot him twice through the head.

A verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree has been given against Walters, a returned soldier. It appears that on his return from the war he found his mistress, Nancy Vincent, living in a respectable house in Centre street. This so incensed him that he attacked her with a knife and killed her, after inflicting 18 wounds. His counsel's defence was that he was insane.

A woman, named Mary Creed, has been indicted in Brooklyn for being a common scold.

Foreign.—A painful rumor has reached England of the murder of Dr. Livingstone by the natives, on Lake Nyassa in Africa. It adds to the pain of this recurrence to know that the reported murder was instigated by white men—Portuguese—in order in the slave trade. A less well-authenticated report represents that Dr. Livingstone, though attacked and desperately wounded, was not yet dead.

It is said by the *Observer* that Queen Victoria has declined her offer to visit the Crimea, and that the Schlieffen-Holstein bridge, so unfortunately destroyed, has little influence in England.

The London *Times*, in an article on the American war, frankly owns that the chief reason why it, in common with all Englishmen (which is a slander upon the body of the people), wished the Union to be broken up was, that if it grew it was not checked it would become so powerful as to endanger the supremacy of England. This is the rare merit of great candor.

The immense number of French officers and engineers sent from France to Mexico during the last two months leads to the belief that change has been made in Napoleon's programme, and that it is now his intention to convert that splendid country into a French province, like Algeria. As the chances of an European war decrease, so will his leaning increase towards a protectorate.

The winter in Turkey is the severest known for very many years.

An English paper remarks upon the anomalous appearance of Queen Victoria in deep widow's weeds and her daughter in the brilliant colors.

John Bright has made two speeches in England which have given great offence to the ruling classes. *Punch* satirizes both Bright and Cobden, as men who wish to transfer the legislation of England to the ignorant and depraved classes.

The great divorce scandal case of O'Keefe against Lord Palmerston has made another step, as Mrs. O'Keefe has been allowed to see her husband's name. She declares that it is not the wife of O'Keefe, and that she is not guilty of the crime charged against her. The "Injured husband" claims £20,000 for the injury he has sustained through the guilt and venereal disease of Lord Palmerston. It is an evident attempt at extortion, and will doubtless end in failure. Some time ago it was stated that proceedings to that end had been taken against O'Keefe and his lawyers.

The Paris *Presse* computes the population of the globe at 1,000,000,000, speaking 3,004 languages, and having 1,100 different forms of religion.

Art, Literature and Science.—William H. Mount, the comic painter of American life, has provided himself, at his residence in the country, with a movable studio. It can be drawn from place to place on wheels by a pair of horses, and when stationary can be used as a studio. The artist, sitting comfortably within, to make, not merely by sketches, but the most elaborate and finished studies from nature. On one side of the room the wall is formed by a large panel of strong plate glass, like those used in the more sumptuous shops in Broadway, but of the most perfect and aerial transparency, and through this the artist has his view of the objects he chooses to delineate. Within is every convenience which the painter requires—seats, tables, drawers for the palette, and a stove for keeping the room warm in cold weather. The ventilation of the room is so provided for, by means of the accommodation afforded by this studio, a winter landscape may be transferred to the canvas, at the artist's perfect leisure. When the mercury in Fahrenheit's thermometer is below zero.

Mrs. Henry C. Watson's second private recitations, at Chatterbox's elegant piano-rooms, was attended by a brilliant and fashionable audience, and was even more successful than her first. These recitations have none of the dryness of ordinary readings. They are efforts of memory, and have all the spontaneity of impromptu recitation. The introduction of vocal illustrations, artistically managed and beautifully rendered, add greatly to the interest, and lighten up the programme wonderfully. Mrs. Watson has a voice capable of the most exquisite modulations, and she uses it with a skill which, from its perfect naturalness, would seem to be intuitive. It is capable of the expression of every passion, and we do not find any of the ordinary effort ever exceeded her rendering of *Goethe's "Bell"*, than which no poem demands a wonderful variety of intonation and picture-recitation. Mrs. H. C. Watson will give her first public recitation early in the ensuing month, and will, we believe, create an artistic excitement.

Mr. Bernard, the Secretary of the Dramatic Fund Association, informs us that on the 23d of April next (on which day, he lived, Shakespeare would have completed his third century), the

managers of the U. S. theatres will give a performance for the benefit of the Dramatic Fund. Wallack, Wheatley, Stuart and the principal New York managers were very prompt in their answers.

A sculptor thus describes how statues are made: "The sculptor, having designed a figure, first makes a sketch of it in clay a few inches only in height. When he is satisfied himself with the general attitude a cast is taken of his sketch, and from it a model in clay is prepared of the full size. The clay, as it is called, upon the strong iron armature or skeleton on which it rests on its pedestal, and the bedding and fixing this armature into the form of the limbs, constitute a work of vast labor of a purely manual sort, for which performance of artists able to afford it employ the skilled workmen to be obtained in Rome. The rough clay, rudely sketched, and having intended structure, then passes into the sculptor's hands, and undergoes his most laborious manipulation, by which it is reduced (generally after the labor of several months) to the precise and perfectly finished form he desires should hereafter appear in marble. This done, the *formatore* takes a cast of the whole, and the clay is destroyed. From this last plaster, cast again in due time, the marble is hewn by three successive workmen. The first gives it rough outline, the second brings it by rule and compass to close resemblance with the cast, and the third finishes it to perfection.

Chat-Chat.—A London pantomime thus satirizes the condition of our country: "The scene opens upon two shops, very Crespigny in appearance, over the larger one of which is the sign, 'A. B. Lincoln & Co., hardware men and general dealers.' On the next is 'J. D. & Co., cotton brokers.' On the former door and windows are notices, informing all interested that paper was wanted, and just beneath that greenish might be had in any quantity. There was also a large placard, 'Any shoes and the same with that next door.' On the shop of J. D. & Co., the most prominent placard is 'No connection with the cotton next door.' In the window is a large Confederate flag, on which is printed, 'Two rams wanted immediately.' Another is, 'A few horses, sheep, women and other cattle for sale.' Then comes in the fight, which is of course a prizefight. As is our war, the president is characteristically dressed, and the fight goes on until they both get into a box; which box Horatio strikes and Columbine dashes about, and it flies open in front, revealing the symbol of our American future in the two large heads and tails of the Kennedy's."

It is a singular fact that the statue of Freedom which now surmounts the capital of Washington was cast by a slave. The work was done by the slaves of Clark Mills, the artist, before they were emancipated by the act of Congress removing slavery from the District of Columbia.

Who can doubt the sensibility of the Southern chivalry after reading the statement of an "Intelligent contraband" that his old master had five sons in the army, but never grieved so much at parting with all of them as he did with the youngest.

In Mysore, on the Rhine, where the annual consumption of wine is 300 bottles per adult, "good delirium tremens and liver complaints are quite unknown." The use of the wine is proof enough that there are good livers there.

Mr. Alexander Hugh Baring, M. P., was recently married to the Hon. Lady Caroline Digby, a daughter of Lord Digby. The wedding-gifts of the bride is thus described in an *English Journal*: "The bride was attired in a dress of the richest white gauze antique, trimmed with ruffles covered with bouillottes of tulle, with a tuile of magnificent Brussels point lace, looped up with bouquets of orange flowers the body and sleeves covered with Brussels point lace to correspond, wreath of orange flowers and veil of Brussels point lace to match the tulle, with diamond necklace and earrings."

Some wags took a drunken fellow, put him in a coffin with the lid fast so he could easily raise it, placed him in a graveyard, and waited to see the effect. After a short time the fumes of the liquor left him, and his position being rather confined, he burst off the lid, sat up upright, and, after looking around, exclaimed, "Well, I'm the first that's raised a coffin much belated!"

There is an Abraham Lincoln Club in New Orleans, and the chairman is a *go* slave owner. Wonders are becoming common.

Henri Drayton, the musician and actor, is dangerously ill.

Artemus Ward (Brown) is lying seriously ill at Salt Lake City, of typhoid fever.

During the recent operations on the Rapiden a company of volunteers was employed as skirmishers in front of the enemy's works. While under a sharp fire from their skirmishers a wounded private went to the rear, leaving his gun on the field. An unwarmed soldier belonging to another regiment picked up the gun and was moving away when a lieutenant called him with, "Hold on there; drop that gun. How do you suppose I can settle my ordinance accounts?"

A young man recently presented himself for examination as Assistant Engineer in the navy. Among other questions, the following was asked of him: "Suppose you had built an engine yourself, performed every part of the work without assistance and knew that it was incomplete or bad, and when put into a vessel the pump would not draw water, what would you do?" The young man promptly replied: "I should go to the side of the vessel and ascertain if there was any water in the river."

CAPT. DICK'S WHALE.

"By jingo! sir!" says the captain, "I've followed the sea for forty years, and I never was really frightened but that once!"

I saw that Capt. Dick Robbins had a story upon the mind, and was anxious to get it off, and I was equally anxious to indulge him, therefore I said,

"How was that, captain? Can't you tell us the story?"

"Well!" responded the captain, "it's nigh on to fifteen years ago, and I haven't as good memory as I once had, but I'll give the thing as near as I can."

"You must understand that I was once in the whaling line, and that I sailed out from New York in command of one of the finest ships in the trade, the *Mary Plummer*, of which I held a half share. We were bound to the North Atlantic, and my crew had been shipped upon shares, that is, instead of wages they were each to receive a portion of the fishing as payment. Many of them were men that had been out with me before, and with whom I was immensely popular. It was this popularity, I suppose, that led to a resolve on the part of the men that each should forego his share, and that the first whale taken should be wholly mine. After this resolve a bright lookout was kept, and I believe truly that every man was as anxious to see the first fish, as though it was to be his own property. 'Capt. Dick's whale' was common talk with them, and its estimated value as freely discussed as though we already had him aboard in oil."

"At last, one day, the lookout at the masthead

shouted 'There she blows!' and in an instant the before lazy ship was a scene of life and bustle. The larboard and starboard boats were lowered away, and into one of them I sprang, determined to have a hand in killing the first fish."

"Now then, boys, pull away for Captain Dick's whale!" shouted the steersman of my boat, and the boys, with a cheer, struck out heartily for the fish, which was somewhat less than five miles away. We were soon up with it, and I acted as harpooner with great applause, striking the fish deep into the fish, and giving a hold not easy shaken off. Away he went like a flash, but to our great astonishment, instead of following up his rapidity of movement, stopped not more than four hundred yards off, and lay perfectly still. We hesitated for an instant, and then stretching to our oars, pulled towards him. Scarcely had we made half a dozen strokes when we were horrified to see the monster turn, and with a fearful speed bear directly down upon the boat. There was no time to think, for almost before a minute had elapsed he was upon us with wide stretched jaws, and barely leaving the twelve men, who were in time to throw themselves into the sea, he crunched the boat into atoms, scarce leaving a piece floating as large as a water bucket. The other boat came directly to our aid, and the whale swimming leisurely away, we were picked up without loss of a man."

"All this has been seen by the lookout on board the ship, and another boat was instantly dispatched to our relief. We waited quietly for its coming up, for though some of my men were rather scared at the demonstration of the monster, yet I had determined to tackle him again, feeling as though he was my own property, and I had a right to him on board ship in the shape of oil. Therefore when the boat came up we started for a second attack, and soon reached within about a hundred yards, and tried to get round at his side for another blow. This time he determined we should not do, and each effort that we made only ended in finding him presented in full front to us. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to pull straight on, which no sooner did he perceive than, with a dash the same as before, he came at the leading boat. This time he had not even warning enough to throw ourselves overboard, and before we could even think the boat was cracked like a nut, and two of my men were crushed in the monster's jaws so fearfully that they sank into the waves like stones. As before, we were picked up by the other boat, and now with three boat's crews in one, we were compelled to return to the ship, though every one of us was full of the desire for vengeance, and to find in the death of the whale some satisfaction for the destruction of our comrades."

"We pulled steadily on, and were soon on board, but nothing would satisfy the men less than a fitting out of the other boats, and a determined chase of the monster to the death. I would not at once yield, because I wanted to get the ship nearer to the scene of action, and a fresh breeze springing up just then from the westward, we were soon speeding towards the spot of our disaster. We had scarcely gone a mile when I saw the whale directly making towards the ship. I knew him in an instant, there was no mistaking his wicked look or his open jaws, to say nothing of my harpoon sticking prominently out from his side. He came within fifty yards of the ship, leisurely swimming all around us and stretching his vast jaws occasionally, as though calculating his capacity to swallow us whole. I must confess that my eyes followed him with some sickening misgiving, and even when he swam in a direct line away I was not satisfied, and good cause I had; for, before I could realize the fact, I saw the great fish turn suddenly, and with the speed of a steamer under full way bear directly down upon the ship. He struck us about midships with a force that I can liken to nothing but the shock of an earthquake. Every timber in the ship cracked, and the foretopmast snapped short off at the base. I was terrified beyond all description, for I knew that the blow had destroyed the ship, and that in less than an hour all hands would be at the mercy of the fierce destroyer. I only waited long enough to see it swim once more away from us, possibly for another attack, and then ran below. It was just as I thought, there was a hole big enough to admit the body of a man a few feet below the water-line, and the ship was sinking."

"There was nothing for it but to get out the remaining boats, and securing such provisions as we could, leave the ship to its fate, and meet our own with the monster, who undoubtedly awaited us. We had hardly time to lower away and save what few things we could get hold of when the good ship went down, and our crew were upon the broad ocean in three frail boats."

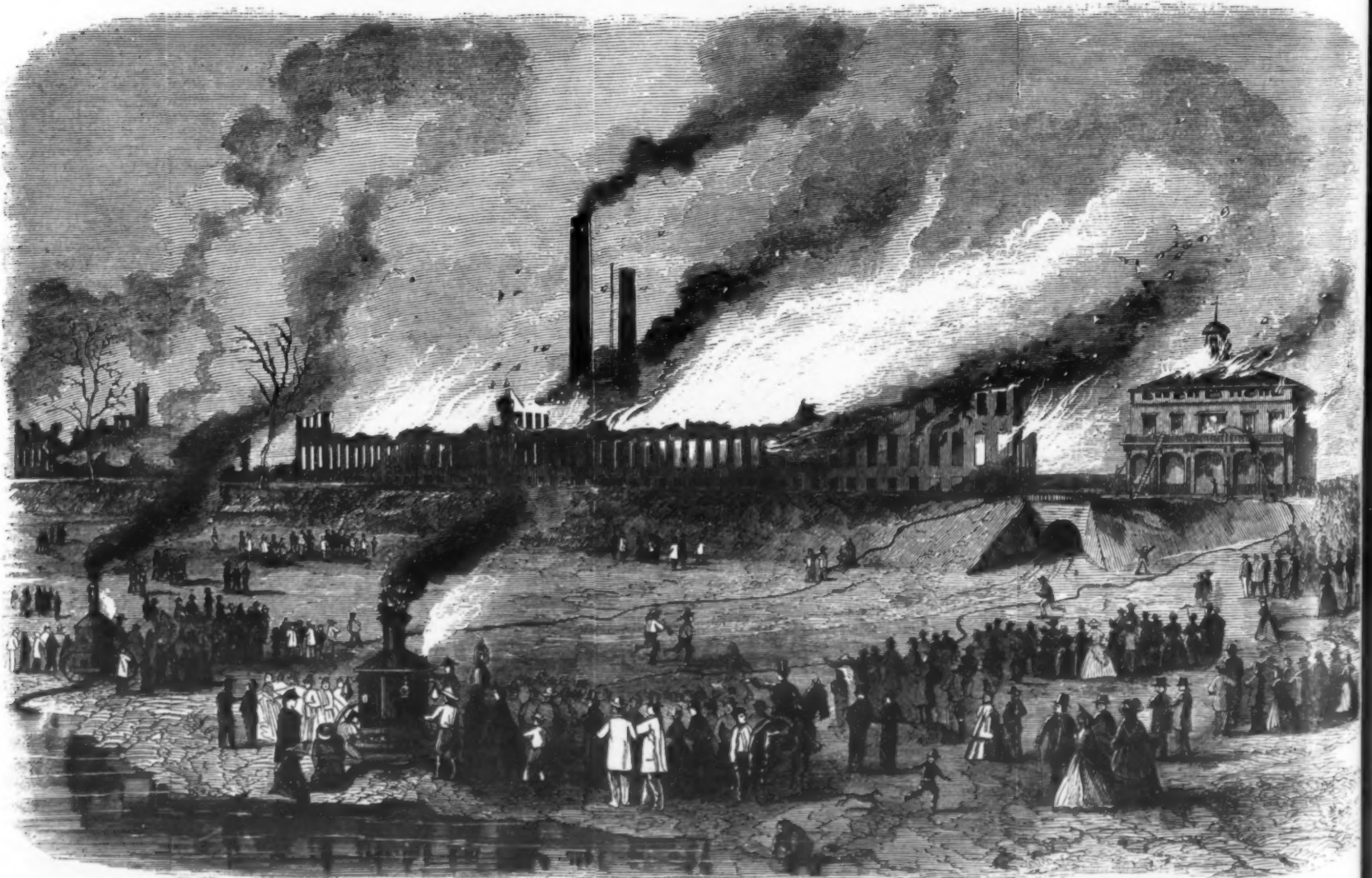
"My story ends here, for the whale was satisfied with his destruction of the ship and did not show himself again, and the third day after we were picked up by an English brig and landed at Liverpool."

"It is a good while ago, but I'll be bound that not one man was aboard the good ship *Mary Plummer* will ever forget Captain Dick's whale."

THE NEW BELLEVUE STEREOSCOPE.—Few families now are ignorant of the stereoscope and its use. There are various kinds, but certainly we can honestly recommend as superior to all others the Bellevue. In the ordinary stereoscope the picture remains at a fixed distance from the lens, and therefore is not suited to the eyes of different individuals. In this instrument the picture can be changed to suit the eye of every person, so that the picture is brought to view with a beautiful and lifelike distinctness. Many have failed to appreciate the stereoscope for want of this very feature, simply because the focus as fixed was not right for their eyes. But we think no one can fail to admire the Bellevue Stereoscope; pictures viewed in it appear as if living. The instrument, when folded up, occupies a space only six inches by two, and weighs a quarter of a pound, and can be carried in the pocket without inconvenience. The beauty and the low price—only \$2—make the Bellevue Stereoscope an article which cannot fail to be popular. They are supplied by Henry Craig, 336 Broadway.



OUR FANCY DRESS BALLS—MASQUERADE OF THE LIEDERK



THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FACTORY OF COLT'S AMERICAN ARMS COMPANY, AT HARTFORD, CONN., FEB. 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. B. RUSSELL, JR.



THE WAR IN TEXAS—ATTACK OF THE REBEL CAVALRY ON A DETACHMENT OF THE 18TH MAINE, AT MATAGORDA BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. AMOS G. GOODWIN, 18TH M. V.

IN THE HOSPITAL.

BY J. W. WATSON.

Down the long row of narrow beds
The fair-faced nurse in silence treads,
Laying her hand on aching heads,
And soothing with a touch.
And many a dim and sunken eye
Lights up to see her form go by,
And prays unto the Power on High
For more of such.



At one the tones of prayer are heard,
Another claims a kindly word,
While softly by a moaning third
She stands the minister to pain.
A bandage, drawn a thread too tight,
Needs but the touch of fingers light,
To make the lips that once were white
Now red again.

Beside a soldier's couch she stands,
And holds his nerveless, shrunken hands,
And were he lord of many lands
No brighter face could smile
Into the woful, wearied breast,
His pallid palms in silence prest,
Seeking to calm its sad unrest
By every wile.

He whispers in her lowered ear
Some words that thrill our hearts to hear:
"My mother! oh, my mother dear!
Fair lady, let me write."
She took from out his powerless hand
The pen, and wrote at his command
The words that here recorded stand,
A saddening sight.

"Oh, mother! mourn not for your son,
His wounds have been full nobly won,
But still his lifework is not done.
Dear mother, hear me tell
How strong my heart and limbs have
grown;
To-morrow I shall walk alone,
And then once more you'll see your own;
I'm getting well!"

"To-morrow I will turn my face
To thee, and to that much-loved place
Where all my inner life I trace;
My long deserted home.
The surgeon says, my arm no more
Can bridle hold, or broadsword draw;
That I must leave the clash of war,
And cease to roam!"

"And so, dear mother, ill to me
Brings life anew, I know, to thee.
Well! though 'tis hard, so let it be;
And I will fondly try
To win away this woful pain,
And be once more a boy again,
God grant the trying not in vain.
And so—good-bye!"

The soldier closed his sunken eyes,
And murmured still his sad "Good-
byes!"

Until the sound in murmuring dies.
The nurse, with folded scroll,
And tearful eyes, bent low her head;
The soul immortal swiftly fled,
To wait among the countless dead
For the long roll.

Then stoops the lady young and fair,
And severs one brown lock of hair,
And with a tear, enfolds it where
The mother's eye shall see.
She writes upon the tear-wet scroll,
"Thy son has reached his earthly goal,
God grant full mercy to his soul,
And peace to thee!"

To-morrow! and to-morrow still!
Oh, mother! how those words will fill
Your sadly aching heart, until
The last, long bugle sounds;
When on the day of grand review,
Among the loyal and the true,
Your boy steps forth to welcome you
To Heavenly grounds.

CLARA;

A Story of Life in Africa.

By John B. Williams, M. D.

CHAPTER III.—EXPLANATIONS.

THE hot sun darted his rays on the young man's head, and made him suffer much. He had scarcely

proceeded three miles before he was bathed in perspiration and could scarcely breathe, and was compelled to stay a moment to rest under the shade of a clump of trees. He threw himself on the ground, and pressing his two hands to his burning forehead, prayed to God that he might die. Suddenly he heard the gallop of two horses, he hurriedly arose, but had scarcely got on his feet when he saw Clara Roschoff appear in sight. She rode one horse and held another by the bridle.

"At last I have found you, Charles!" she cried,



The Colonist's Generous Offer.

leaping, to the ground. "Heavens! how hot you are and how you must suffer! I have brought you a horse. Father knows nothing about it."

Norton thought she was merely insulting him, for he ascribed his present punishment to her. He picked up his heavy package of implements, and without uttering a word resumed his journey.

The young girl, very much confused, followed him with a sad step. She could no longer resist her feelings, but burst into sobs.

"Charles," she cried, "what have I done that you should treat me thus?"

He looked at her with an air of stupefaction as she stood in the middle of the road, with her hands joined together and with the tears streaming down her cheeks. In spite of his anger, he was moved.

"I really cannot understand your grief, Clara," said he. "It seems to me that it should be in my place to ask you what I have done that you always try to render my melancholy position more odious to me."

"I!" cried Clara, in a tone of astonishment. "Oh, Charles, how can you say that? I, who would give all the world to save you a single annoyance."

"Really," he replied, in a tone of bitterness, "I do not know what you mean. Was it not you who excited your father's anger against me, on account of what passed between us a little while ago?"

"Oh, heavens!" cried the poor girl, joining her hands together, "can you believe me so wicked? I assure you that I did not say a single word to my father. It was Jacob, who no doubt overheard us. I beseech you to believe me, Charles. It was really not I—"

Her tears interrupted her. She fell on the grass and sobbed bitterly. This time, in spite of appearances, Norton felt that she told the truth. He



Clara's Grief at Charles's refusing Assistance.

regretted his unjust reproaches. He threw the package of implements on the ground, and kneeling by Clara's side, who still continued to weep, he did his best to console her. A few words which escaped her lips at last revealed the whole truth to the young American.

"Come, Clara," said he, "calm yourself. I see that I was wrong to regard you as my enemy."
"I, your enemy!" she cried. "I, who think only of you. And yet how you treat me! Every time that I come near you or address a word to you, you receive me so harshly. I know that I am not so handsome as the girls of your country, that I have neither their mind nor education; but it is not my fault, and you will never find any one that loves you more than I do."

Asshamed of the confession that had escaped her lips, poor Clara hid her face between her hands and wept.

Charles sat beside her and gently removed the young girl's hands, and by a motion full of gratitude and tenderness carried them to his lips. Clara blushed and then turned pale. She timidly glanced at the young man, and then let her head fall on his shoulder.

"Dear Clara, how unjust I have been towards you!" said the young American, in an affectionate tone.

"Then you do not hate me as I thought?" she murmured.

"Hate you! Certainly not; on the contrary, I love you with all my heart."

"As much as Susan?" said she, with anxiety, which she vainly endeavored to conceal under a smile.

"Much more than Susan."

"Really?"

"On my honor."

"Oh, how happy I am!" she cried.

There was something, however, wanting to render her happiness complete. Although unaccustomed to penetrate the secrets of the heart, she felt confusedly, and by a sort of instinct, the difference between the affection that Charles showed and the love that she experienced for him. At that moment, it is true, the young American's heart, so long isolated and chilled, overflowed with gratitude and affection, but his feeling for Clara was no stronger than this. If ideas of love and marriage came into his mind it was only as a dream, the realization of which he never thought about. His hesitation could not be attributed to interest or ambition. The fortune of Clara's father was very considerable compared to that of Charles, who possessed nothing in the world. His misfortunes, however, had given Norton the habit of reflecting, and he seriously reviewed his situation. At that moment he asked himself if he were capable of renouncing America for ever, and of loving Clara so much that he should never repent of his marriage with her.

Clara fancied that the young man's silence proceeded from indifference, and she began to weep again. Perceiving that she misunderstood his feelings with respect to herself, Charles opened his whole heart to her. The poor girl thanked him for his frankness with so much tenderness that Norton's eyes filled with tears. At the moment that he was about to reply to her the sound of horses' feet galloping in the distance was heard. Clara concealed herself behind a bush, but she had not time to remove the two horses that she had brought with her. In a few moments three Hottentots arrived at the spot on horseback. One of them was Jacob Oubana. He approached the young American.

"What do you want?" said Norton.

"The master discovered that two horses were missing," said the Hottentot, in an insolent tone. "He thought that you might have taken them with you, in spite of his having forbidden it. He sent me and my comrades to take them back to Weisberg."

"There they are," replied Charles, pointing to them. "I did not mount either of them."
"What did you take them for, then?" said Jacob, proud of his mission.

Norton turned abruptly round; the Hottentot made a bound backward.

"Scoundrel!" cried the young American, his eyes sparkling with rage. "Who gave you the right to question me? Take them and begone."

The Hottentots took the two horses and started off. As soon as they had disappeared, Clara came from her hiding-place.

"What shall we do now?" said she, in an anxious tone.

"My dear Clara, there is only one course for us to follow," replied Charles; "you to return leisurely to Weisberg, and for me to continue my journey on to Om-Steny."

"Under this burning sun and burdened as you are! It will kill you," she replied.

"I am stronger than you think," he returned, affecting a gaiety he did not feel. Adieu, dear Clara; I am happy that we have had an explanation, and I love you with all my heart."

"I will accompany you to Om-Steny," said Clara, rising up. "It was I who caused you this cruel punishment, and I will partake of it."

It was in vain that Charles scolded and supplicated, the young girl persisted in her resolution. Norton was at last compelled to allow her to walk by his side. By-and-bye she wanted to take a portion of the implements. This, however, he would not allow.

Although Roschoff's dwelling was situated in the middle of a wood, there was but little shade between Weisberg and Om-Steny. In spite of the sufficing occasioned by the burning sun, the two young people walked along with a sort of gaiety. Charles did his best to amuse poor Clara, whose devotion touched him deeply. As for Clara, she laughed and cried by turns. Love, and perhaps suffering, had completely changed her. The poor girl betrayed the secret thoughts of her heart by her words and touching attentions, and Norton was moved to his very soul. He frequently seized the

young girl's hand, pressed it in his, and conveyed it to his lips. This mute token of affection and gratitude filled her heart with happiness.

In spite of the diligence they used, they did not reach Weisberg until half-past seven. Roschoff, whose anger had time to be appeased, already regretted the punishment he had inflicted on the young American. Pride prevented him from confessing his remorse, but he vented his bad temper on Jacob. The absence of his daughter at supper rendered the Hollander very uneasy.

A servant at last announced the fact that Norton was approaching. Roschoff was very much surprised to find his daughter Clara in company with the young American, and to perceive that her limbs trembled and that her face gave evidence of great fatigue.

"Do not scold Charles," said she to her father, who met her in the hall. "It was I who delayed him. I will tell you all."

She fell into a seat and fainted.

In spite of his apathetic character and violent temper, Roschoff loved his daughter. Clara's condition made him forget all about Norton. Perhaps he was not sorry to find a pretext which prevented him from taking any notice of Charles's delay. When Miss Roschoff was restored to consciousness she was conveyed to her chamber and put to bed. She awoke the next morning in a violent fever, brought about in all probability more by her excited feelings than by the heat and fatigue. In spite of the delirium that seized her, the poor girl was able to tell her father all that had occurred. But before doing so she made him swear on the Bible that he would not scold Charles. In her delirium, which happily lasted only two days, she repeated every moment—

"Father, do not scold Charles, it was I who was the cause of all."

Thanks to the girl's robust constitution, her illness did not last long. Norton was less fortunate. He had been imprudent enough to drink several glasses of cold water when he returned to Weisberg. He fell seriously ill.

Tormented by his daughter and yielding also to secret remorse, Roschoff called in the nearest physician. It was necessary to send ninety miles for him. After having dined and examined the invalid, the disciple of Esculapius mounted his horse and shook his head in a significant manner. Time, however, proved that the doctor's sinister forebodings were not to be realized. Norton suddenly got better at the moment that everybody believed him dying. The first person he recognised when he recovered his consciousness was Clara, seated by his bedside. In his delirium the invalid had spoken of America. He had also repeated continually the name of a favorite sister of his who had died quiet young, and whose name was Sarah.

Clara fancied this Sarah was the young girl he loved. This thought was almost a deathblow to the poor girl. When Norton, touched by her devotion, gratefully thanked her, she smiled sadly, and turned away her head to hide her tears.

Charles was soon able to get up and take short walks. One day he was seated under the shade of a tree in the garden, when Roschoff came and sat down by his side. The colonist seemed to be very much embarrassed. Ten times he opened his lips to commence a conversation, and ten times he closed them again without uttering a word.

"Charles," said he at last, "I think the climate of our colony is not good for you. And then you are not fitted for a servant. This life will kill you sooner or later. You must return to your own country."

"America is a long distance off," replied Charles, "and the voyage is very expensive."

"That is true," replied Roschoff, "but I will furnish you the means to reach your country. When you leave Weisberg I will make you a present of a hundred head of cattle. At Grahamtown or Beaufort you can sell them for three thousand rix-dollars. With this sum you can pay your passage and live in America until you can find some employment."

Charles cast his eyes to the ground; he guessed the real motive which made Roschoff urge his departure.

"I thank you for your generous proposition, but it is my duty to inform you that I have no resources in America. It will probably be impossible for me ever to repay you the money you offer me."

"Never mind," replied Roschoff; "you can take as much as you like. After all, I shall only lose three thousand rix-dollars. It is agreed, then?"

"When shall I leave?" asked Norton, his mind so agitated by contradictory feelings that he did not know whether to rejoice or be sorry at Roschoff's wish.

"In a few days. As soon as you are well enough—next week for instance."

While the young man was reflecting silently a Hottentot approached.

"Mynheer Bergiter has just arrived, and asks to see you," said the Hottentot to Roschoff.

Happy at having made the proposition, which had cost him so much, Roschoff hastened to follow the servant. Norton was left alone.

Until then he had longed for the time to come when he could return to America. Now, when he had the means to realize his desire, he felt oppressed by vague melancholy. Whilst he sat there with his forehead leaning against the trunk of the tree, Clara's voice made him start. The young girl approached slowly and sat down by his side.

CHAPTER IV.—THE DUEL.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN Charles saw Clara's gentle and affectionate glance, he experienced a feeling of relief. He took the young girl's hand and pressed it to his lips in a manner which showed his gratitude and tenderness. She blushed and sighed.

"Do you know what your father has proposed to me, Clara?" said he.

"Yes," she replied, "he mentioned it to me yesterday evening. So you are about to return to America?"

"Probably!" he returned, stifling a sigh.

"You must be very happy?"

He made no reply.

"You will see your parents again?"

"I have none."

"Your friends?"

"A ruined man possesses none."

"You will make a fortune; father told you he would give you two hundred head of cattle, did he not?"

"Yes—that is to say—one hundred," replied Charles mechanically, at the same time earnestly regarding Clara, and thinking of something else besides the cattle offered him by Roschoff.

"He promised me it should be two hundred," murmured the young girl. "But I can lend you some money, Charles. I have eight thousand rix-dollars which I received from my mother. I will give them to you."

He made a gesture of refusal.

"Of what use is this to me?" she replied. "You will return it to me when you have made a fortune. This will compel you to think of me sometimes, even when you have married her whom you love."

"Who is that?" said the young man very much surprised.

"Miss Sarah."

"Sarah!"

"She whom you mentioned in your delirium."

Norton fixed his eyes on the young girl. He perceived that her eyes were filled with tears. He seized her hand.

"Why do you weep?" he asked.

"I do not weep," she returned, turning away her head.

Large tears rolled down the poor girl's cheeks, which she furtively dried.

"So," said Charles, "you consent to give me your fortune that I may return to America, and marry her whom I love?"

"Yes, Charles, most willingly."

"But your father will not consent to it."

"When he finds it out you will be far away."

"Then he will scold you."

"What matters that?"

"Suppose if you were to marry?" said Norton.

"I shall not marry."

"Never?"

"Never!" she repeated in a tone of the strongest conviction.

The poor girl had reached the limit of her strength. She bit her lips to prevent her from crying out. Tears coursed each other down her cheeks. Charles fell on his knees before her.

"Clara," said he in a gentle tone, "I love no one in America; no one is waiting for me there; Sarah is the name of a dearly loved sister who died years ago. I should like to remain here. I love a young girl in this country, and whom I wish to marry."

"Susan?" asked Clara, her bosom heaving, for her heart felt the tenderness vibrating in Norton's voice.

"No, Clara, I have never been Susan's lover. She whom I love, and whom I shall love for ever, is you, Clara. You appeared a short time ago to desire that I should be happy. That now depends on you alone. Will you be my beloved wife?"

The poor girl threw her arms around the young American's neck. She still doubted. She removed Charles's head away to look into his eyes. It was evident that the expression of Norton's face completely reassured her, for her anxious look entirely disappeared.

"How happy I am!" she murmured. "Oh! if my poor mother were only here! You really love me, Charles?"

"Yes; I love you with all my heart and soul. And you—"

"You know I love you. If you had gone away, Charles, I must have died of grief. Oh! Charles, I love you so much, and I will make you so happy that you shall never long for your country again."

A scornful laugh was heard close by them. They turned their heads and perceived Serosa Bergiter. Although he still continued it, it could easily be perceived that he was furious.

"Well, dancing-master," said he, in an insolent tone, "is it customary in your country for men to make love on their knees? Do you know you look awfully soft in that position."

"Bergiter!" replied Charles, his eyes sparkling with anger, "it is a custom in my country to chastise insolence."

"Do you mean that for an insult?"

"As you like to take it."

Clara had disappeared; Bergiter, stifling with anger and rage, only sought for a pretext to quarrel. He first of all gave utterance to a torrent of insults too gross for us to repeat. From insults he passed to threats, and from threats he was nearly arriving to blows, when his hand was stayed by Roschoff, who had made his appearance, followed by his daughter and five or six servants. While Clara spoke to Norton, Roschoff endeavored to calm his neighbor, and reproached him for his violence to an invalid. Carried away by anger and jealousy, Bergiter received the remarks of the master of Weisberg with a very bad grace.

"This is all your fault," said he to the old man. "Why do you harbor such vagabonds? Although your hair is white, you are nothing better than an old fool!"

"That's what you say, is it?" replied Roschoff; "you want to be master here. Well, then, I begin by telling you that I consent to the marriage of my daughter to Charles. Now, if you are not satisfied, remember that, old as I am, I am able to fire a musket as well if not better than you."

Clara threw her arms around her father's neck, and Charles seized the old man's hand and pressed

it affectionately. But Adam, carried away by his anger, pushed them on one side for the purpose of continuing his quarrel with Bergiter. They both carried their muskets to their shoulders when Norton interposed.

"If there is shooting to be done it is I who am concerned," said he, "and as I have been insulted I have the choice of weapons."

"Stuff and nonsense," interrupted Bergiter. "We want none of your American practices here. We are at the Cape, and you must fight with the musket as we do."

"Very well," said Norton; "lend me your musket, Mynheer Roschoff."

After a long debate between the young American and the old colonist, the latter was obliged to yield.

"Kill that rascal," said he to Norton, "and Clara shall be yours as sure as my name is Adam Roschoff."

"We will take our places two hundred yards distant," said Bergiter; "we will then advance and each shall fire when he pleases."

"No," cried Roschoff. "I know Bergiter—if you only give him time to take aim he is the best shot in the country. We must equalise the chances."

"Let us take our places fifty yards distant, with our guns at our feet. We will fire at a given signal. He will be most fortunate who fires the quickest and takes the surest aim."

It was Bergiter's turn to object.

"And supposing that we should both be killed?"

"So much the worse for us."

"I won't agree to those conditions," said the Hollander.

"Well, then, let us say a hundred yards."

After another debate Bergiter finished by agreeing to this last arrangement. Whilst he was loading his gun, and Roschoff was doing the same thing for Norton, the young American approached Clara.

"My beloved Clara," said he, "I do not know what Providence has in reserve for me. If I die my last thoughts will be for you. Pray to God to save me, for I have never desired to live so much as at this moment. God bless you, darling!"

She threw herself weeping in his arms. Her father separated them.

"You will make his arm tremble," cried the old man. "If you love him, remain perfectly quiet. He needs all his coolness."

While leading Charles to his place the old man gave him a few words of advice. The hundred yards were measured off. Bergiter whistled. Charles had forgotten his illness and walked with a firm step.

At last Roschoff gave the signal by throwing his hat in the air. Norton fired first and struck the young Hollander in the shoulder. The involuntary movement the latter made when he received the ball deranged his aim. Instead of hitting Charles full in the chest, which he would undoubtedly have done had it not been for this accident, Bergiter's bullet only grazed Norton's forehead.

"Since there has been no result we must try again," said Norton.

"The deuce take me if I do," replied the Hollander. "I am not such a fool as to risk my life a second time for a girl who cares nothing about me. You may marry her if you like, for aught I care."

While he spoke he removed his coat. It was then perceived that he was wounded. Clara ran to him. He repulsed her in a brutal manner at first, but she returned to the charge. He finished by allowing her to staunch the wound, which was not at all dangerous.

Dissatisfied and humiliated, the young colonist wished immediately to return home, and it was with the greatest difficulty that they could persuade him to remain at Weisberg. Bergiter was not really at heart a bad man, and he soon became reconciled. He even witnessed the marriage ceremony between Charles and Clara, which took place a few weeks afterwards. Every now and then he visited them at Weisberg; still he did not like Roschoff to jest with him as to his matrimonial prospects. They were, however, good friends, and often hunted together.

Adam Roschoff, still robust and vigorous, has now four grandchildren. He tells everybody who will listen to him that his son-in-law, Norton, is the smartest man in the colony, and if the English Government had their senses about them they would immediately appoint him Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Clara is of the same opinion. They also try to persuade Norton, but he is content to live happily and tranquilly with his wife and children.

A GREAT WATERFALL.—A detachment of troops, recently scouting in the valley of the Snake or Lewis fork of the Columbia, discovered a waterfall which is doubtless justly entitled to the distinction of being called the greatest in the world. The entire volume of Snake river pours over a sheer precipice, 195 feet high—35 feet higher than Niagara. Snake river is full as large as the Niagara, and the cascade is in one solid sheet or body. The locality of this immense waterfall is near the point heretofore designated as the Great Shoshone, or Salmon Falls of that river, but they have always been enveloped in mystery. Almost a dozen years ago the writer passed along the Snake river road. For two days we heard the roaring of these falls, but learned no more respecting them than if they had been in the moon. It was said that there were a series of falls and rapids, making a descent of 700 feet in seven miles and the sound gave color to the report. For hundreds of miles across that great plain, Snake river flows through a canon, with vertical walls hundreds of feet high. It is only at long intervals that salient points are found by which the river can be reached. The road crosses from point to point of the banks, only approaching close to the river where there is a chance to descend for water. From these facts very few, if any, of the tens of thousands of adventurers who have crossed the plains ever looked upon the Great Falls. The late discoverer's report, besides the fact in character, many other of less height, varying from 20 to 50 feet each, near by. Some day they will be visited by the tourist and pleasure-seeker, and be looked upon as frequently and familiarly as Niagara is to day; and it will be admitted that, with the stupendous grandeur of their surroundings, they are as far beyond Niagara as Niagara now exceeds the balance of the world.

IN MEMORIAM

OF C. K., Killed 17th October—Charleston.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

Oh, fair October! not for me
Your golden glories now are born,
Tear-blinded eyes can never see
The beauty of the night and morn.

In vain for me the misty shroud
Of autumn sunlight softly falls,
Across the day I thought divine—
In vain the far-off brooklet calls.

I only think of mournful rains
That beat upon a brave young head—
I only dream of battle pines,
And fields of conquest strewn with dead.

Through all the night I see the gleam—
The anguished light of dying eyes,
And in a wild and broken dream
See gory fields and wrathful skies.

Once more with tears I kneel beside
A bleeding form, that, lying low,
Shall never more to battle ride,
Nor smite a bold and trait'rous foe.

Once more I take a mute farewell
From sad pale lips, that never more
Shall tale of love or sorrow tell,
This side the near and shining shore.

Oh, laurelled martyr! thou shalt be
A potent presence through the years:
In hours of gloom, the thought of thee
Shall quell all craven doubts and fears!

The early violets o'er thy grave
Shall whisper low thy precious name;
And weep bright tears, that one so brave
Should have no grander requiem.

Yet in the hearts of those who mourn
Thy vanished presence, there shall be
Perpetual grief through days forlorn,
And daily tears at thoughts of thee.

THE CONSEQUENCES OF A BALL.

A FEW weeks ago I had a severe attack of Russomania. Buffalo, my native town, had dwindled to my eyes into a most prosaic, out-of-the-way place to be born in, and I would willingly have exchanged it with New Archangel, for even the filthy Aleutians were, in my delusion, converted into a sturdy, handsome and civilised portion of the community. I christened a young pup I had Menschikoff, had my moustache trimmed à la Souwaroff, and procured a Russian grammar. I spent three hard sleepless nights pondering over the thirty and odd signs of the alphabet, but what an intense satisfaction I experienced when, by innumerable permutations and combinations of letters, I was able to scribble some nondescript writing on every available piece of paper in my office. I used to leave them silly behind me on my desk, or dropped them on the floor, till a friend would say: "Old fellow, what the deuce is this?" "What?" "Well, this confounded writing; is it phonography?" "Oh! no," would I answer, swelling all over, "it is Russian!" and all the fellows stared at me. I even went so far as to give a quarter to an old Pole, whom I had seen several times opening and shutting carriages at Niblo's door, to write me a Russian letter, and you may judge of the sensation it created among our fellows when it was left on my desk by the messenger. From that day my reputation as a linguist was established. When the Russian fleet anchored in our waters my satisfaction was unbounded. I went on board of every ship, shook every sailor by the hand, and made myself perfectly ridiculous and annoying. Should one of the Muscovite tars come ashore, I pounced upon him, dragged him to the nearest saloon and treated him to arrack, bits of candies and charlotte russe. I witnessed with the greatest enthusiasm all the pageantry of the Russian reception, and cheered most lustily at the barouches containing the admiral and his officers. Six months before I would have attracted by my conduct the attention of everybody, and passed—with some reason—for a lunatic; but all New York seemed to be infected with the same mania, and I merely appeared to be a little warmer-hearted than the common run of the martyrs. One morning Gotham arose in the wildest of excitement; the invitations for the great Russian ball were to be limited to two thousand. Who should go, and who should be left behind, that was the question. The amount of fawning, low-scraping, caressing, petting and bullying done at the time to procure an invitation, defies all kind of calculation.

Mr. Jonathan Shoddy, my employer, was one of the privileged ones, and although a junior in his house, I coolly told my fellow-clerks that I also should go to the ball. How it was to be accomplished I did not know yet, but go I must, and go I would. From the morning I took that resolution it impressed itself on my mind as a settled thing altogether, and I very nearly considered myself as invited. I walked Broadway with a firmer step than before, and looked with pity on the poor passer-by whom I knew would not be there. The string of equipages stationed in front of Tiffany's, and the bevy of handsome women literally jamming his store, filled me with a feeling of intense jubilation. "Buy away, my darlings," said I to myself, "make yourselves very handsome, for John Mullins will be there to look at you, and who knows, he may perhaps pluck up that handsome bracelet you are bargaining for, and clasp it himself on your

snowy wrist; and you, also, my beautiful dark-eyed fairy, will you not allow John Mullins to cool your heated forehead with that handsome fan of yours? or languidly ask him to throw on your round-moulded shoulders that gaudy silken scarf?" and I chuckled so audibly that an old gentleman who was just passing looked daggers at me, murmuring something which sounded very much like impertinence.

That very day, while dining in Hudson street on a veal pie and an apple tart, I hit on the plan which was to be my "open Sesame." I grew so extravagantly exhilarated that I astonished the waiter by ordering an extra cup of mocha and a "chasse café." Before going home I bought a second-hand violin case, and went to bed the happiest mortal in creation. My dreams that night were exclusively Russian. I dreamed that I danced a Tartar quadrille, dressed in full Cossack uniform, with the Empress of all the Russias for partner, and Admiral Lisovski and Queen Pomare for vis-à-vis. All the assembly had their eyes fixed on me, and the dance being ended to everybody's satisfaction, the Empress gracefully allowed me to kiss her hand and presented me with the cross of Knight of St. Vladimir and a plantation on the Amoor. Another slide put by Morpheus in his magic lantern and I was sitting at a princely banquet. We feasted on raw lard and lighted composites, and drank cod liver oil in silver tankards, while, by way of fashionable diversion, fifty serfs of mine were between each course knouted to the amount of fifty lashes a piece. One more slide and I was travelling in a sleigh drawn by four spirited horses. The pace was terrific, and it seemed to me that the driver took every minute more gigantic proportions. We crossed a vast frozen plain all covered with snow, and as far as my eyes could reach stretched the desolate steppes. I shouted to the driver to stop, but he whipped his horses, laughing most horribly, and the gait was increased. A voice whispered in my ear that I was going to the Jungouzes, to work in the mines. I attempted to scream and awoke. Menschikoff (my dog) was lying on my chest.

I passed the whole of the day in the greatest terri-pilation, of course. I forgot the office. I bestowed the utmost care on my toilet, and at the last stroke of six I sallied forth in irreproachable black, a pair of white kids in my pocket and my violin-case in my hand. I boldly stationed myself at the corner of 14th street till the musicians began to fall in by twos and threes. After a few minutes of intense excitement I followed a gentleman who carried a most extraordinary brass contrivance, and a few minutes later I was fairly inside the building. I threw my violin-case in the first available corner, and there I was in the very midst of the ballroom, laughing in my sleeve at my cunning introduction. I knew no one there, but to do the genteel thing I paced the room up and down, bowing now and then at several ladies and gentlemen, without giving them a chance to make out who I was. After a while the rooms became so crowded that I was glad to retire near a bow-window, and from there admire the spectacle.

Should you expect a description of the ball you will be deceived. You have all seen and admired the illustrations of it given in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and I could not possibly add anything to what he described to you so vividly. I might have been an hour or more wrapped in admiration at this, a new sight for me, when I was joined by a foreign-looking gentleman, with wonderfully curled whiskers and a bit of blue ribbon at his button-hole. We exchanged some common-places about the ball, and I do not know how it came to pass, but we finally exchanged cards, and I read with pride and delight the name of Count Swindleskoff. I was ruminating how I should stick the little bit of pasteboard in the most conspicuous corner of my looking-glass, when the count offered to present me to a countrywoman of his, Princess Vamaska. I accepted, with a face absolutely beaming with gratitude, and a few steps brought me in front of a gaudily-dressed person, to whom I bowed most respectfully, while the count was introducing me as "a friend of his."

The princess was certainly very beautiful, not over twenty-five years of age, and with deep, dark eyes, fringed with long, soft eyelashes. She must have had a great affection for low dresses, and carried the fashion to its utmost limits; but her bust was so fair, and her arm so plump and white, that I could hardly find fault with it. She evidently did not look as modest as our American ladies. But I attributed it to her foreign extraction. She was very polite and amiable, and invited me to call in Union square; "she would be most happy to see me, the count was such a good and old friend of hers." Once she spoke two or three words to my companion in a foreign dialect, and I thought that Russian sounded very much like Irish, but that was my ignorance, of course. Another curly-whiskered and blue-ribboned gentleman having led the princess to a waltz, I remained alone with the count.

"My dear Mr. Mullins," he said, in a most off-hand manner, "you hardly would believe what a charming creature is the princess." I reciprocated, pouring at once a flood of eulogies and compliments, but he stopped me, waving his hand and smiling goodnaturedly.

"She is," said he, "one of the richest women in Russia, possesses mines somewhere in Ural and fisheries on the Volga, but for all that the best-humoured and most unpretending of all fair ones. You shall judge for yourself. Permit me to call at your rooms to-morrow night, and we shall go together to pay our respects in Union square."

I was in the seventh heaven; I could have hugged the count in my arms, but I merely proffered my thanks, and an appointment was made for the next evening at eight o'clock. The rest of the evening was enchanted for me. The count had fairly intoxicated me with his advances and his compliments, and when after supper I made bold to hand the princess to her carriage, I was so intrinsically happy

that I threw a dollar to a porter who had taken off his hat to me.

The count was punctual to a minute, and arm in arm we directed our steps to Union square. The princess was a one with the curly-whiskered gentleman of the ball, and received me most graciously. At first I felt a little shy and bashful, but her open manners soon put me at ease, and I spent a most delightful evening.

From that day I saw a good deal of the count, and insensibly fell in love with the princess. I sent her most costly bouquets and increased my bill at the tailor's and haberdasher's to an alarming extent. I once intimated to the count that his lady friend had made a great impression on me, and he laughed and quizzed me, and told me to be of good cheer, and said something about faint heart and fair lady, so that I plunged madly in my new passion, and had serious thoughts of popping the question at the first opportunity.

On the last day of December the princess gave a small party to what she called her intimates. I was invited, and when every guest had gone away I was kindly asked to remain to supper, to watch the New Year in. We were very merry, and I was obliged to drink so many New Year's toasts in champagne that when we left the table I was quite giddy.

The count proposed a game of scarté, and I foolishly accepted. The princess was sitting next to me, and her fair arm was so near mine, and her curls were so delightfully brushing my cheek, that I played most miserably and lost nearly every game. Champagne was called for by the count, and I soon was in a helpless state. Had it not been for "her" presence I believe that I would have fallen asleep on my cards. "Really," said the count, "if you do not play better, I cannot continue to win your money. I am robbing you, in conscience," and he made a show to throw away the cards.

"Not at all," cried I, with all the tenacity of a man in the first stage of inebriety, "not at all, let us go on."

On we went, drinking all the time, and the princess peeping now and then in my cards, and advising me, and letting happy little screams when the card she had shown me won a trick, and forgetting herself so far as to put her hand on mine, and taking it back on a sudden, blushing as if she had done it unawares. Who could wonder that, after an hour of that *manège*, I was so far gone that I hardly knew red from black, and played perfectly at random?

"Decidedly, my good fellow," said the count, "after I had played a wrong card, 'you are excited.'"

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am drunk?" I replied most ferociously. "I beg to state that I am not and I will prove it to you in any kind of way you choose. Madame will be our judge."

"Well," replied he, "I'll bet you twenty dollars that you cannot write your name legibly three times running."

"Done," said I, and threw the stakes on the table.

I have a faint recollection of writing my name, of the count slapping me on the back, declaring I was as sober as a judge, and handing me his twenty dollars; for the rest, I must believe my landlady, who assured me, the next morning, that I came home in a carriage, in a most shaky state. The count visited me in the afternoon, bantered me a good deal at my conduct the previous evening, and recommended me a "hair of the dog." He offered me a drive in the Park, but I felt so wretchedly miserable that I declined. He was already at the door, when turning back:

"By the way," said he, "you were very unfortunate yesterday."

"Not so much as all that," I replied.

"Certainly, it is of no great account, if you like; but you see, I am not very flush just now, and should you be able to settle the three hundred dollars this week you would oblige me. I did my best to prevent you going on, but play you would, and you actually forced your acceptances upon me."

Saying this he shut the door, and I heard him going down stairs whistling. The truth flashed upon me. I had been decoyed, plied with wine and robbed. I could not openly tax the count with dishonesty, my own foolishness had dug the pit I had fallen in. I remained as stupified for more than an hour, looking stupidly before me and unable to collect my thoughts. I felt suddenly impelled to go to my employer, and I acted on the inspiration.

"You have been very imprudent," said Mr. Shoddy, "but I hope it will be a lesson for you; and as a friend of your family, it is my duty to see what can be done under these sad circumstances. Wait an instant and I will accompany you to a friend of mine who is well-versed in those matters."

Mr. Shoddy brought me to the Tombs, and inquired for Mr. Graham.

After a few minutes delay, a tall, slim gentleman, with something of a reserved and thoughtful air, made his appearance. We stated in a few words the motive of our visit. Mr. Graham turned his cold gray eye full upon me.

"Make a clean breast of it, my young friend," said he, "and more especially give me all the particulars in respect to the parties who fleeced you."

I began to unfold my tale, and had hardly come to the middle of it when Mr. Graham, smiling to my employer, told him that it was "all right." Although I could not understand how it could be all right, it was a great relief to me to hear those words, and I was comparatively calm when my story was ended.

"That's one of Pat Flanigan's tricks," said Mr. Graham; "it is most lucky that it happened so, for the fellow is wanted. Just sit down, sir, and write a little note which I will dictate, with your permission:

"MY DEAR COUNT—Should you find it convenient to call at my room to-morrow evening at six o'clock, I will be happy to settle all accounts with you—Yours truly,

"JOHN MULLINS."

"Yes," grinned Mr. Graham, "we shall settle all accounts, and no mistake."

The next day at five o'clock Mr. Graham was with me. He gave me some instructions and then retired to my bedroom. A few minutes before six arrived the count. I received him most politely, offered him a cigar, and after awhile brought the conversation on the object of his visit. I walked to my *escritoire*, and taking out some bills, I asked him to let me see my acceptances. He produced them immediately.

"Verily," said I, looking at the signatures, "my hand was rather unsteady that night."

This was a signal, and the words were hardly out of my mouth when Mr. Graham was in the room.

"Pat Flanigan," said he, marching to the count, "you are my prisoner. I arrest you for the burglary committed at Hoboken, on the 18th of July last."

The count put his hand to his breast pocket, but the detective was too quick for him.

"Stop that," said he, sternly, pointing a revolver at him; "stop that, or I shoot you down."

"Be kind enough to open the window, and show yourself," said he to me.

I did so, and two constables came up, and conveyed "my noble friend" to the Tombs.

A complete revulsion of feelings took place in me. I burned my Russian grammar, kicked Menschikoff ignominiously out of doors, laughed most scornfully when hearing people talk of Russian princesses and Muscovite counts, and looked upon the Russians as a race of semi-barbarians, who are most unmercifully crushing under the yoke of iron the noble-minded Poles.

GREAT FIRE AT HARTFORD, CONN.

By the burning of Colt's mammoth manufactory of pistols and rifles, on the morning of the 5th inst., there were destroyed a million of dollars' worth of firearms, half a million dollars' worth of machinery, and the balance of two millions of dollars worth of other property. The reporter of the *Springfield Union*, who was on the spot, says:

"The main walls of the factory began to tumble in various places as early as 9 o'clock. Huge masses of flaming timber were seen to fall every minute, and the roar and din, combined with the surging billows of fire and the intense heat, were enough to appal the stoutest heart. No effort was made to get at the spot where the bodies of the burned men were reported to lie, for it would have been instantly fatal to attempt it. Whether any were killed or not was not certainly known."

"The rushing down of a part of the walls would be followed by such an increase of flame and heat as to drive back the crowd in haste to a distance of some ten rods."

"We have never known a fire to spread so rapidly. It was almost like the burning of a train of pine soaked in kerosene."

"The fire is a serious calamity to Hartford. The sudden loss of work by between 1,000 and 2,000 mechanics and laborers (most of them with families) will be seriously felt in all the local interests of that city. For the company it will be a great disaster, for it will take probably two years to rebuild and put their establishment in as good an order as it was."

"The large Government contracts of the works had been nearly all filled, and the armory was chiefly employed on regular sale work, for which there was a brisk demand."

"The whole insurance was \$750,000." "The *Springfield Union* says, editorially, that, when first discovered, the fire could have been easily subdued, but it was found that the city water works, upon which the building mainly depended, had been tampered with and would not work. This leads to the suspicion that the fire was the work of an incendiary."

A dispatch from Hartford says that the works will continue to give employment to 700 or 800 men, and that about \$60 will be thrown out of work. One man only was known to be killed, and there is one missing. As to the origin of the fire, it declares it a mystery.

THE ENROLLMENT ACT.

THE noticeable points of the amended Enrollment or Conscription Bill are these:

Any person drafted may furnish a substitute, and if the latter is not liable to draft, shall be exempt during the time the substitute is exempt, but not exceeding the term for which he was drafted. If the substitute is liable, the principal shall be liable in filling future quotas. If the drafted person pay commutation, such payment shall relieve him only for that quota, and in no case shall his exemption extend beyond one year.

Members of religious denominations conscientiously opposed to bearing arms, and so declaring by oath or affirmation, may be assigned, when drafted, to hospitals, or may pay \$300 for the benefit of sick and wounded soldiers.

Aliens who have voted or held office shall be liable to draft. Mariners or able seamen drafted may, within eight days, enlist in the naval service, for a period not less than the term of the draft; the whole number of such transfer enlistments not to exceed 10,000. Drafts to be credited with such enlistments as if the drafted men had entered the military service. No pilot, engineer, master-at-arms, acting master, acting ensign, or acting master's mate be liable to draft.

Persons physically or mentally unfit, persons actually in the military or naval service, and persons who have served two years during the war and have been honorably discharged are exempt.

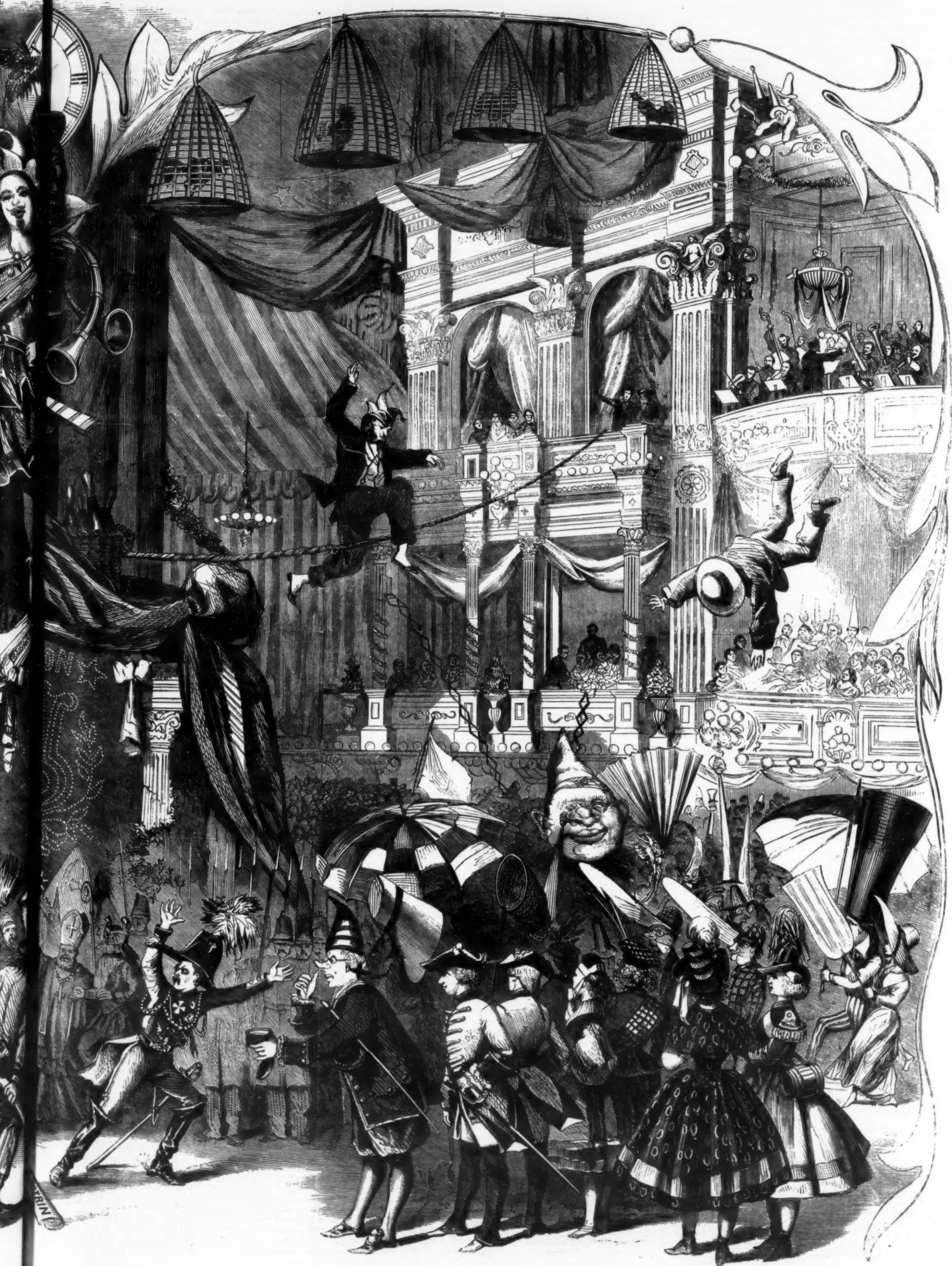
Persons resisting the enrollment, or aiding and abetting the resistance, shall be punished by fine not exceeding \$5,000, or by imprisonment not exceeding five years, or both. Persons procuring exemption by fraud shall be deemed deserters and punished as such, and held to service for the full term of the draft. Whoever procures or attempts to procure a false report from the surgeon as to his physical condition shall be imprisoned for the period of the draft. Burglars guilty of misfeasance shall be punished by fine and imprisonment.

The 26th section is Mr. Stevens's amended amendment, providing for the enrollment of all able-bodied male persons of African descent between 20 and 45; loyal masters of slaves to receive the bounty of \$100 due to the slave; the Secretary of War to a point a Commission in each Slave State represented in Congress to award compensation, not exceeding \$300, to the masters of colored volunteers.

This act embraces important amendments to the Senate bill, and of course returns to the Senate for concurrence.

A QUAKER in New Orleans is so upright in all his dealings that he won't sit down to eat.





OF SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11.

WOUNDED.

LET me lie down,
Just here in the shade of this cannon-torn tree.
Here, low on the trampled grass, where I may see
The surge of the combat; and where I may hear
The glad cry of victory, cheer upon cheer;
Let me lie down.

Oh, it was grand!
Like the tempest we charged, in triumph to
share;

The tempest—its fury and thunder were there;
On, on, o'er entrenchments, o'er living and dead,
With the foe under foot and our flag overhead:
Oh, it was grand!

Weary and faint,
Prone on the soldier's couch, oh, how can I rest
With this shot-shattered head and sabre-pierced
breast?
Comrades, at roll-call, when I shall be sought,
Say I fought till I fell, and fell where I fought,
Wounded and faint.

Oh, that last charge!
Right through the dread hell-fire of shrapnel and
shell,
Through without faltering—clear through with a
yell,
Right in their midst, in the turmoil and gloom,
Like heroes we dashed at the mandate of Doom!
Oh, that last charge!

It was duty!
Some things are worthless, and some others so
good
That nations who buy them pay only in blood;
For Freedom and Union each man owes his
part,
And here I pay my share all warm from my
heart:

It is duty!
Dying at last!
My mother, dear mother, with meek tearful
eye,
Farewell! and God bless you, for ever and aye!
Oh, that I now lay on your pillowing breast,
To breathe my last sigh on the bosom first prest:
Dying at last!

I am no saint,
But, boys, say a prayer. There's one that begins,
"Our Father;" and then says, "Forgive us our
sins;"
Don't forget that part, say that strongly, and
then
I'll try to repeat it, and you'll say Amen!
Ah, I am no saint!

Hark!—there's a shout!
Raise me up, comrades! We have conquered, I
know!
Up, up on my feet, with my face to the foe!
Ah, there flies the flag, with its Star Spangles
bright,
The promise of Glory, the symbol of Right!
Well may they shout!

I'm mustered out!
O God of our fathers, our freedom prolong,
And tread down rebellion, oppression and wrong!
O land of earth's hope, on thy blood reddened
and
I die for the Nation, the Union and God!
I'm mustered out!

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

Mrs. HARRINGTON plunged into her natural element at once; Mr. Rhodes was a rich widower, as vulgar and pompous as could well be imagined; but that made no difference, the lady spread her slimy net and put on all her fascinations at once, leaving the younger men to their fate. This was splendid sport to Elsie, for Miss Jemima, the daughter, was a gaunt, peaked-nose female, who had been Miss Jemima a good many more years than she found agreeable, and when any woman ventured even to look at her stout parent, she was up in arms at once and ready to do battle against the threatened danger. Mr. Rhodes was at once captivated by the widow's flattery, and Elsie mischievously increased Jemima's growing irritation by all sorts of whispers full of honied malice.

"Quite a flirtation, I declare," said she; "really, Miss Jemima, you ought to be careful, widows are very dangerous, and she is so fascinating."
"It's ridiculous for a woman to go on so," returned the spinster, shaking her head in vehement agitation; "you may just tell her it's no use, my pa isn't likely to be caught with chaff like that."

"Oh, but Mrs. Harrington is considered irresistible."
"Well, I can't see it for my part," retorted Jemima; "she's a tolerable specimen of antique painting; but my pa isn't given to the fine arts."
"Oh! Mrs. Harrington," called Elsie, "I wish you could induce Mr. Rhodes to give us a picnic in his woods before the weather gets too cold—they are very lovely."

Miss Jemima looked as if she had three minds to strangle the pretty torment on the spot.
"La! dear," said Mrs. Harrington, "I am sure I could have no influence."

"Oh, you painted humbug!" muttered Jemima.
"I should be delighted—charmed!" exclaimed Mr. Rhodes. "Madam, it would be a day never to be forgotten that honored my poor house with your presence;" he broke off puffing, till the brass buttons on his coat shook like hailstones.

"Oh, you are a dreadful flatterer, I see!" said

pered the widow, quite aware of Jemima's rage and delighted to increase it.

"Madam," said the stout man, "on the honor of a gentleman, I never flatter. Miss Elsie, defend me."

"Not unless you promise to get up the picnic," said the little witch. "Miss Jemima is anxious to have it—"

"La! dear," broke in the acid damsel, unable to endure anything more, "I am sure I never thought of such a thing, don't speak for me."

"But you will be delighted, you know you will," "Pa's got to go to Philadelphia," said she, sharply.

"But I could defer the trip, Mimy," said her parent, appealingly.

"Business is business, you always say," retorted the damsel.

Elsie gave a little scream.

"Why, how odd," said she. "Mrs. Harrington goes to Philadelphia next week—you can escort her, Mr. Rhodes, she is a sad coward about traveling alone."

"I shall be delighted," said the widower, "delighted."

Jemima fairly groaned; she tried to turn her agony into a cough, but it began as a groan; both Elsie and Mrs. Harrington were convinced of that, and it delighted them beyond measure.

"It would be very, very kind of Mr. Rhodes," said the widow, "but Elsie, you are an inconsiderate little puss, to think of him taking so much trouble."

"It would be an honor and delight to me," he insisted.

Jemima resolutely arose from her chair, and planted herself in a seat directly in front of her parent—he could not avoid her eye then—the wrath pent there made him hesitate and stammer.

"Miss Jemima," said Elsie, "come and look at my geraniums; I think they are finer even than yours."

But nothing short of a torpedo exploding under her chair would have made the heroic damsel quit her post; not for one instant would she leave her parent exposed to the wiles of that abominable widow.

"My dear, I'm so tired," said she, "you must excuse me."

"Perhaps you'd like to go and lie down," persisted Elsie.

"You look fatigued," said Mrs. Harrington.

"Do I, madam; you're very kind, I'm sure," snapped the spinster, trying to smile. "I never lie down in the daytime; I'm very comfortable where I am, thank you."

She might be very much at ease herself, but she made her father very uncomfortable, while Elsie and the widow never gave over teasing for a single instant, till Elizabeth returned to the room and brought them to a little better order.

Luckily dinner was announced, and Miss Jemima's feelings were softened a little by that, especially as she reflected that her father would be obliged to lead Mrs. Mellen into the dining-room. But that dreadful Elsie destroyed even that forlorn hope.

"Bessie," said she, "we must ask Mr. Rhodes to play host and sit at the foot of the table, so he shall lead Mrs. Harrington in."

Even Elizabeth could not repress a smile at the little elf's malicious craft, and there was nothing to be said. The wretched Jemima grew fairly white with rage, but she was obliged to control herself, and the dinner passed off in the gayest manner possible.

At a very early hour Miss Jemima insisted upon returning home, but Elsie had a parting shaft ready for her.

"I have persuaded Mrs. Harrington and these gentlemen to stay over to-morrow," said she; "so we'll all drive to your house and take luncheon, Miss Jemima, by way of returning your visit."

The spinster was compelled to express her gratification. She could do no less, after having invited herself and her father to dinner at Piney Cove, but her face was a perfect study while the pleasant words fell from her trembling lips.

"We shall be in ecstacy," said Mr. Rhodes.

"You will be in New York," retorted Jemima; "you know you have to go early in the morning."

"My dear, the day after will do as well."

"Now, pa, you know you said—"

"Oh, Miss Jemima," broke in Elsie, "I shall think you don't want us to come!"

"And I," said the widow, "shall be mortally offended if Mr. Rhodes runs away the very first time I have the pleasure of visiting his house."

"Of course, of course!" said the stout man.

"My daughter, Mimy, is a great business woman—girl, I mean—but on an occasion like this even business must wait. Ladies, I go home to dream of the honor to-morrow will bring."

"Well, pa, if we're going, I think we had better start," cried the spinster; "we are keeping the horses in the cold."

She made her farewells very brief and carried off her parent in triumph, darting a last defiant look at the widow as she passed.

The moment they were gone Elsie went into convulsions of laughter, clapping her pretty white hands like a child. She cried out:

"She'll poison you, Mary Harrington, I know she will."

"My dear, I'll eat luncheon before I go."

Even Elizabeth was forced to laugh at the ridiculous scene. Elsie mimicked the spinster and turned the affair in so many ridiculous ways that it afforded general amusement for the rest of the evening.

The whole party did drive over to Mr. Rhodes's house the next day, and Miss Jemima was tormented out of her very senses; and Mr. Rhodes was made to appear as ridiculous as only a pompous old widower, with a weakness for the sex, can be made to look.

The question of the picnic came up again, but Elizabeth settled that matter by refusing to have

anything to do with it. She was in no spirits for such amusement.

From that day out Miss Jemima almost felt a lying for Mrs. Mellen, who had so queerly come to her rescue, and she was the only one of the party whose claret would not have proved a fatal error to the spinster's sharp glances or secret wiles could have had their due effect.

From some caprice Mrs. Harrington prolonged her stay at Piney Cove for an entire week, and all this time she protested against either of the gentlemen who had accompanied her there returning without her. Elsie, in her careless, childish way, seconded the widow, and so these two men dropped into such easy relations with the family that it seemed difficult to assign any period to their visit. Nothing could be quieter than Mr. North's mode of life during his sojourn at the house. If he joined in the light conversation so prevalent at all times, it was with a quiet grace that modified it without offering rebuke. He seemed to give no preference to the society of any one of the three ladies, but most frequently attended Mrs. Harrington in her walks and rides. To Elsie he was reserved, almost paternal, and in his society the young girl would become grave, sometimes thoughtful.

If this man ever had more than ordinary intercourse with his hostess no one witnessed it, yet a close observer might have seen that he watched her with a quiet vigilance that bespoke some deep interest in her movements. Those who have seen this man creep into the mansion-house at night and wander cautiously from room to room, as if to fix a plan of the dwelling in his mind, will understand that his visit, which seemed so purely accidental, had its object; but no one could have discovered, by look or movement, what that object was.

At last the party broke up and returned to the city. Elsie went with them. At first Mrs. Mellen opposed her going, but the pretty creature was resolute enough when her own wishes were concerned, and would listen to no opposition.

"I am not going to live in this stupid place, like a nun in a convent, just because my brother desires to amuse himself in California," she said, when Elizabeth would have dissuaded her from leaving home. "I tell you, Grant would not wish it. I am not married and obliged to shut myself up and play proper like you. It's downright cruel of you wanting me to stay here. I'm half dead with grieving already. The house isn't like home without Grant. At any rate, I'm going."

She carried her point; Elizabeth had no absolute authority which could enforce obedience on a creature at once so stubborn and so volatile. So she made no farther opposition, fearing that anything like violent measures might prove distasteful to her husband.

But one day now remained of Mrs. Harrington's unwelcome visit. The whole party, except Elizabeth, were to start for New York in the morning, where Mrs. Harrington had resolved to open a splendid succession of receptions and parties in Elsie's behalf.

This last day Elsie declared should be the crowning pleasure of Mrs. Harrington's visit. They would ride down to the seaside tavern on horseback, have a chowder party on the precipice behind it, looking out upon the ocean, and return home at dusk or by moonlight, as caprice might determine. Mr. Rhodes and Miss Jemima were to be included, and some of the colored servants were forwarded early in the morning to superintend the arrangements. The dew was hanging thick and bright on the lawn when Mr. Rhodes and his daughter rode up to the Piney Point mansion. A group of horses was gathered in front of the veranda, and a little crowd of ladies, in long sweeping dresses, gauntlet gloves and pretty hats, stood chatting around the door.

Mr. Rhodes preferred to sit on his handsome bay horse, and wait for the party to arrange itself, for it was rather inconvenient for him to mount and dismount his high-stepping horse oftener than was absolutely necessary. As for Jemima, she rode a long-legged, slender-bodied horse, and sat him in grim dignity, as the dames of old occupied their high-backed chairs. The beaver hat towered high, and the stiff tuft of feathers that rose from it in front gave a dash of the military to her unusually defiant aspect.

She drew her horse up to the front steps, and sat grimly regarding the city widow, as that lady shook out the folds of her riding-skirt, pulled the gauntlets to a tighter fit on her shapely hands, and kept her cornelian-headed riding-whip in a constant state of vibration, for the benefit of that evidently too admiring widower on the great bay horse.

The party mounted at last, and cantered in a gay cavalcade across the lawn, leaving the mansion behind them almost in solitude. It was a lovely day, bright and fresh with sunshine, and a cool breeze from the ocean. Mrs. Mellen that day seemed among the most joyous of the party. Whatever care had possessed her she evidently threw off; her sweet voice rang out among the most cheerful, and her face grew beautiful in the animation of the moment.

For awhile the party moved on at random; but when the road branched off into a long tract of the woodland the equestrians naturally broke up into pairs, and, either by chance or design, Mr. North joined Elizabeth, who was riding a little in advance. It was almost the first time that he had seemed to prefer her society openly during his whole visit, and this movement naturally created a little observation. Elsie looked after the splendid pair as they rode under the overhanging trees, with an expression of subdued wonder in her blue eyes which amounted almost to dismay. Mrs. Harrington laughed with as much meaning as her small share of intellect could concentrate on one idea, and said in a low voice to Elsie:

"Did I not tell you they had met before? She has

been playing dutiful as long as she could; see how she breaks out now. Look! look! she is turning down a cross road; it is a mile farther round."

"We will go on direct," said Elsie. "If my brother's wife chooses to ride off alone with any man through the woods, let her. It was decided that we should take the highway, and we will."

Elsie spoke with decision, a cold light came into her blue eyes, and the expression about her lips was almost stern; for a moment the girl was transformed before her friend.

At the cross roads there was a little debate. Miss Jemima turned her horse in the direction Elizabeth had taken. The generally obedient papa was following this lead, when Mr. Hawkins was sent forward to arrest him.

"Straight ahead, that's the programme," he said, taking the gold head of his riding-whip from his mouth long enough to speak clearly, "Miss Elsie told me to call you back."

"And the—the other lady," stammered Rhodes, flushing red, to the intense scorn of the spinster.

"Oh, she's gone ahead."

"Then I take this way," exclaimed Jemima, with emphasis; "come, pa."

Mr. Rhodes had wheeled his horse half round, and was casting irresolute looks towards the two ladies riding slowly along the shady road.

"But, daughter, we cannot leave them to ride on alone."

"This—this—person is with them, and they seem to count him as a man," answered Jemima, with a gesture of intense scorn.

Mrs. Harrington here was seen to draw up her horse in the shade of a huge chestnut, and playfully beckon the widower with her whip.

"Jemima, I must. It would be underbred," cried the desperate man, riding away to the enemy.

Jemima sat upon her horse, petrified with amazement. Her father looked anxiously back when he reached the widow, with sad forebodings of the tempest that would follow, but there the spinster sat at the cross roads like an equestrian statue.

"Come, come," said the widow, touching him playfully with her whip, "Elsie is getting impatient. Now for a race."

Her spirited horse dashed forward at a run. The ponderous steed of the widower thundered after, making the forest reverberate with the heavy fall of his hoofs.

Mr. Hawkins fell into a dainty amble, and away the whole party swept into the green shadows of the woods.

Jemima looked right and she looked left. Should she ride on and leave her pa in the hands of that designing creature? Perish the thought, better anything than that! She touched her horse. It turned sharply, and swept down the highway like a greyhound. She struck him on the flank, then the tiny lash of her whip quivered about his ears till he dashed on, flinging back dust and stones with his hoofs.

The party was riding fast. Mr. Hawkins by Elsie, Mr. Rhodes close to the widow—so close, that somehow her right hand, whip and all, had got entangled with his. They were on a curve of the road, around which Jemima came sweeping like a torrent. With a single bound her horse rushed in between them, leaving the widow's gauntlet glove in the grasp of that frightened man, and the cornelian-headed whip deep in the mud of the highway.

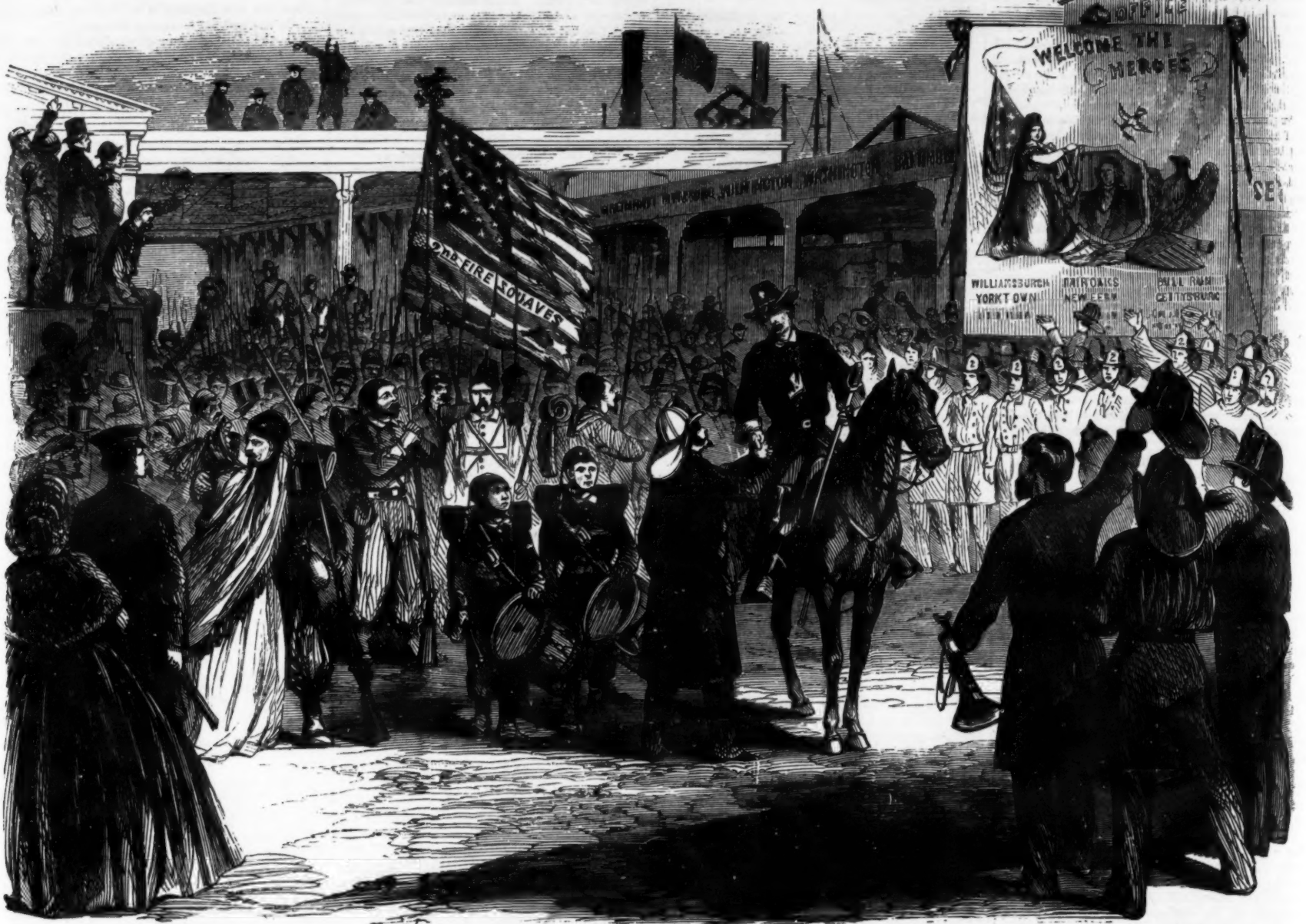
Not a word was spoken. The widower sank abjectly down in his saddle, and with his apprehensive eyes turned sideways on the spinster, surreptitiously thrust the stray glove into the depths of his pocket. The widow, convulsed with mingled laughter and rage, gave no doubt of genuine color now, for her face was crimson. Thus, like two prisoners under military guard, they moved on, with Jemima riding in grim vigilance between them.

The spot chosen for the chowder-party commanded a splendid sea view, and a broad landscape in the background, in which the distant mansion of Piney Cove was a principal object. It was an abrupt precipice, clothed, except in the very front, with a rich growth of trees; splendid masses of white pine and clumps of hemlock darkened with the deep green of their foliage such forest trees as cast their leaves from autumn till spring time. The broken precipice in front was tufted here and there with clumps of barberry bushes and other wild shrubs, which might have aided a daring adventurer to climb up it had the temptation been sufficient. Between this precipice and the shores of the ocean stood the little tavern we have before spoken of, from which the negroes of Piney Point were now bringing up a huge iron pot wherein to cook the chowder, which would be nothing if not culminated in the open air, over a fire of sticks, and eaten beneath the hemlock trees.

A bridle path led to the top of this precipice, winding along the back slope of the hill, and by this route the highway party rode to the summit some fifteen minutes before Elizabeth and Mr. North joined them. Whatever evil feelings had sprung up on the road, at least a majority of the picnickers seemed resolved to enjoy themselves now. Jemima entered heart and soul into the preparations, keeping a sharp eye on her father all the time. He, poor man, scarcely required her vigilance, for when a chowder was to be concocted the stout man forgot all his gallant weaknesses, and gave his whole being up to the important subject.

Mrs. Harrington had no great talent for cookery, and feeling beaten and awed by Jemima's dashing generalship, hovered around the outskirts of the preparations, flitting a little with Hawkins, from languid habit rather than any special regard for the young gentleman.

During the bustle of these preparations Elizabeth, Mr. North and Elsie had dropped out of the party and wandered off, no doubt, into the shady places of the woods; no one had observed how or



THE RECEPTION OF THE FIRE ZOUAVES AT NEW YORK, FEB. 9.

RECEPTION OF THE SECOND REGIMENT OF FIRE ZOUAVES.

On the 9th of February, 1864, the Second New York Fire Zouaves, Lieut.-Col. M. Burns, arrived at the foot of Cortland-street, returning from the seat of war, and welcomed by the Firemen's street.

The regiment arrived about half-past two P. M. The department was formed in line through Cortland street. The regiment marched past them and took

of New York, as they alone can welcome. Our Artist represents the scene when Chief Engineer Decker grasps the hand of the commander of the gallant Fire Boys.

their station at the end of the line. The department then escorted them up Broadway, through Chatham street and the City Hall Park, where they were reviewed by the Mayor, to Broadway, up Broadway to Fourteenth street, through to Eighth avenue, Hudson street to Clarkson, Carmine and Sixth avenue to Jefferson Market.

All along the route the various Engine, Hook and Ladder and Hose Companies were placed, decorated

beautifully—among the most noticeable of which were the steamers of Engine Companies Nos. 4, 5, 7, 22 and 42, and others; the carriages of Hose Companies Nos. 27, 29, 61, 38, and Hook and Ladder Companies Nos. 1, 3, 6, 14 and 18, No. 6 being most beautifully decorated with the flags carried by the First Fire Zouaves at Bull run, and the splendid banner carried at the head of the procession was painted by Joseph R. Wheeler, also a member of No. 6 truck.



THE WAR IN FLORIDA—THE CREW OF THE U. S. STEAMER STARS AND STRIPES, IN THE CAPTURED SCHOONER CAROLINA GERTRUDE, AT CORLOCKORY RIVER, ENGAGING THE DISMOUNTED REBEL CAVALRY ON SHORE.—FROM A SKETCH BY PAYMASTER JOHN J. FRATE, U. S. A.



ITY, AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS, NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 8.



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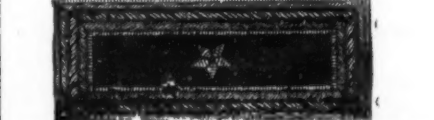
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